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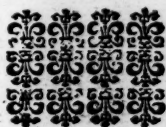
Present Assembly

OF

PARLIAMNT,

November 9th. 1685.

Licensed, *November 7th. 1686. Ro. L'Estrange.*



L O N D O N,

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PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

MANUFACTURERS

ASSOCIATION



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Printed for the General Committee of the Association

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ON THE

Present Assembly

OF

P A R L I A M E N T,

November 9th. 1685.

Break sacred Morn on our expecting Ile,
 And make our *Albion's* fullen *Genius* smile;
 His brightest Glories let the Sun display,
 He rose not with a more auspicious Ray,
 Since God-like *JAMES* receiv'd * Imperial State,
 Our only recompence for *CHARLES* his Fate.

* The Coro-
 nation,
 April 23. 1685.

A 2

A

A joyful Bridegroom then, our Eyes he drew,
 And now seems wedded to his Realms anew:
 Since when our panick Fears are quite o're-blown,
 And on our Enemies Coast the Terror thrown.

Ye ancient Bards that *Britain's* Glory wrought
 As warmly as our British Heroes fought,
 Be still assisting to your Country's Fame,
 And in my daring Song revive your Flame.

Behold, behold, the bright Assembly plac'd,
 And with our Monarch's Sacred Presence grac'd:
 Transported with a Vision so sublime,
 Our thoughts review the Infant-Pride of time,
 We think how at the New Creation fate
 Th' Eternal Monarch in his Heavens fresh State;
 The Stars yet wondring at each others Fires,
 And all the Sons of Glory rank'd in Quires.

As various Streams from distant Regions fall,
 And in the Deep their gen'ral Counsel call,
 Conveying thence supplies to ev'ry source,
 And fail not to maintain the rowling Course,

Dis-

Our Senate thus from ev'ry Quarter met,
 And with our Peers in awful Council set,
 Dispense their Influence to each Province round,
 And in our I'le no barren spot is found.
 Justice as freely as our Thames shall flow,
 In Peace the Sailer steer, and Peasant plow,
 Our Publick safe from foreign Wrongs shall be,
 And private Rights from Home-oppressors free.

Proceed brave Worthies then to your Debates,
 And by your Counsels to direct our Fates.

Thus, *JAMES* the pious, valiant, wise and just,
 Performs not only yours, but *Europe's* Trust ;
 Whose Power or Prudence makes their Discords cease,
 Where he perswades not, he commands a Peace.
 So (if small things with great may be compar'd)
 We oft have seen two Monarchs of the Herd,
 Upon some long-disputed Plain engage
 With equal Vigour, and with equal Rage ;
 Their goring Horns are in the Contest worn,
 The harra's'd Earth is in the Combat torn ;
 But if a Lion from the Hill descends,
 Their Fury ceases, and the Battel ends.

B

What

What though the *Gallick* Pride has swell'd so high,
 A war-like Empire's Forces to deſie,
 To crush united States, confederate Power,
 And quite ſuppreſs the *Belgian* Lions roar;
 Yet let their Troops in ſilent Triumph come
 From conquer'd Fields, and ſteal their Trophies home;
 Take care their Cannon at juſt diſtance roar,
 Nor with too near a Volley rouse our Horns.
 The Terror ſtill of our Third *Edward's* Name
 Rebukes their Pride, and checks their rowling Fame:
 Nor can the Tide of many rowling Years,
 Waſh the ſtain'd Fields of *Crefſey* and *Poictiers*.
 A conſcious Terror ſtrikes their Boſoms ſtill,
 When they behold that famous fatal Hill,
 Where *Edward*, with his Hoſt, Spectator ſtood,
 And left the Prince to make the Conqueſt good.

Such was the Vertue of our Anceſtours,
 And ſuch, on due reſentment, ſhall be ours;
 Averse from acting, as receiving wrong,
 Weak States ſupport, and Terror to the ſtrong;
 Whoſe temper'd Vallour juſt Pretence requires,
 As Flints are ſtruck before they ſhew their Fires.

Once

Once more great Patriots in the Nation's stead,
 With due respect, the Loyal Muses plead:
 Since from your generous Trust our Peace did spring,
 Joynd with the matchless Conduct of our King.
 Secure the Blessing you so well begun,
 And take for Pattern what your selves have done.
 So *Albion* to her ancient Fame shall grow,
 By Heaven's Decrees above, and yours below.
 Nor shall your Influence in our lesser world
 Lie pent, but through the Universe be hurl'd:
 Thence Christian Leagues shall firmly be combin'd,
 While *Turks* and *Rebels* equal Fate shall find.
 Thus Earth and Seas with safety shall be blest,
 And Peace as calm as their great Masters' Breast.
 Heaven to our Ile this Privledge does allow,
 Besides her self to have no powerful Foe.
 By Rocks and Seas fenc'd round from foreign Harms,
 And only liable to in-bred Arms.
 Such shocks (alas!) too oft we have endur'd,
 But ev'n from home-bred Rage are now secur'd:
 No Storm can rise while *Cæsar* guides the Helm,
 While you support the Throne, and He the Realm.
 Our Faith and Freedom trusted in his Hand,
 Immoveable as Fate's Decrees must stand.

Usur-

Usurpers from their Promise may retreat,
 And Common-wealths their publick Trust defeat,
 While each his private Interest does pursue,
 But Heaven's and *Britain's* Monarch must be true.

FINIS.

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